An original Comic from Seoul

A Touching Manhwa

My Road

Cosmos

Drawing Words

From Scurry and the Sea

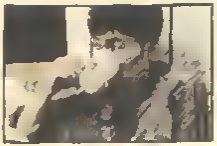
Kim Seong Jun

Finding the path

In the languid hours of yesterday, I went to the tangled grasses near the river, so tangled that humans don't often venture there, and had heaps of fun playing alone. As per usual, I had had a glass of sue-ju with grandmother in the morning, and drunk, I grabbed a towel and stumbled my way up. There won't be any watchers, my body thought, and it slipped so easily into the water. Floating in the clear and pretty water I looked at the sky, saw the floating clouds.

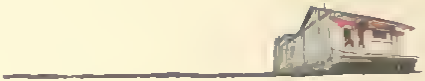
Hee hee ... in that small space I even had a go at swimming like the pros. If you sit on the rock and rest for a bit you can see the small sand-colored fishes swimming around. Even such small creatures made shadows on the river bed and moved around. Yeah, every day I play at being a mountain wizard. Whether the axe handles decay or not ... violets.

9 788990 230331 97810
ISBN 89-9023033-0
정가 9,800원



Kim Seong-Jun

Born in 1971 in Incheon he graduated from Hoseo University with a major in Art Application His debut in 1997 was by way of an entry into a public competition in the weekly manhwa magazine Big Jump In the same year, he won first prize for the picture story section of the LG East Asian International Children's Manhwa Competition and started to gain recognition The next year, he started to draw a manhwa for a Children's East Asian daily At present [2003], he is working as a freelance illustrator and he says in the future he is planning to report new manhwa and short animated stories via his homepage



Come autumn, my book will be out In literary terms, perhaps it would be called my maiden work. I could reproach myself for the less-than-perfect drawings and stories, but it cannot be denied that nevertheless, it is a special manhwa

Now that it's left my hands, I don't want to add the tag "leastwise to me." With the feeling of resignation I have about drawing manhwa, I also feel another, different, hope

Kim Seong-Jun
August 1, 2003

cosmos flower

Kim Seong Jun

entropy

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Publisher's Note

Since 1999, the Seoul Animation Center has provided production support for Seoul Creative Manhwa-Animations, and has continually worked to increase the value of works of national manhwa and animation, and to foster friendly competition internationally. The publication support is usually for creative manhwa and short animations, and by discovering original new authors and artists and managing all of the financial aspects as well as widely spreading the manhwaga's works, we are behind them completely, and blow life into the creative market of the manhwa and animation world.

Manhwa for public publications are operated in the divisions of medium/long illustrated stories, cartoons and short works. With award-winning works, we also provide additional financial support for separate publication as a book. In accordance with such principles we have published the outstanding works of the medium/long illustrated story category. Byeon Byeong-Jun's Undecided and Kim Seong-Jun's Cosmos. We hope that these works, which have combined artistry and popularity, afford you as readers an opportunity to experience a creative manhwa of high quality, and we anticipate that these works will signal a fresh breeze through the world of manhwa in Korea.

Our institution, as a medium for the enjoyment of manhwa and animation brings to the population, will continue not only in its role as a guardian of the industry of culture of the 21st century, but also in providing support for the manhwa-animation community.

Seoul Animation Center

WARNING

This manhwa contains explicit content, language, nudity, and other situations innappropriate for children under eighteen. Read at your own risk.

cosmos flower

TABLE OF CONTENTS

cosmos

OliveGreen
009

037
The Sea is Coming
065
Woman in My Dreams
085
My Road
109
[illegible]rning for a Ship
121
[illegible]m Scuity and the Sea
143

episode

Drawing Words
153
Cosmos
161

special

No Place to Sleep
169

criticism

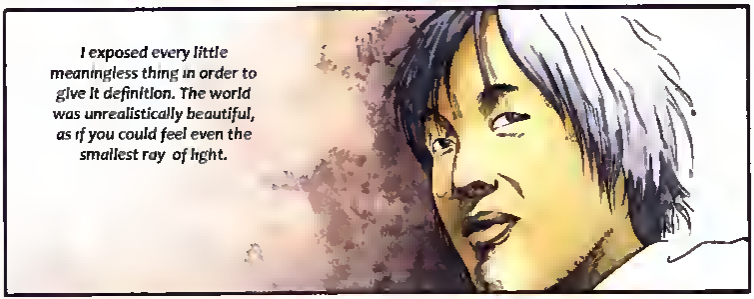
187

Olive Green

AUGUST 2002

Olive Green

Today is the day I will meet her again. I hurriedly finished my work and left the office.

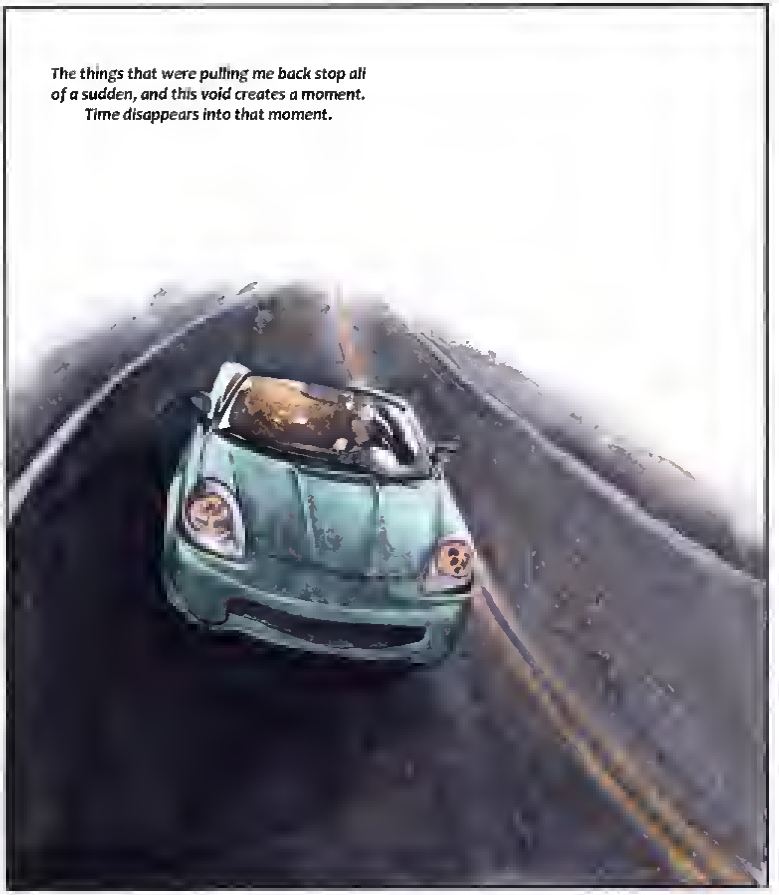

I exposed every little meaningless thing in order to give it definition. The world was unrealistically beautiful, as if you could feel even the smallest ray of light.

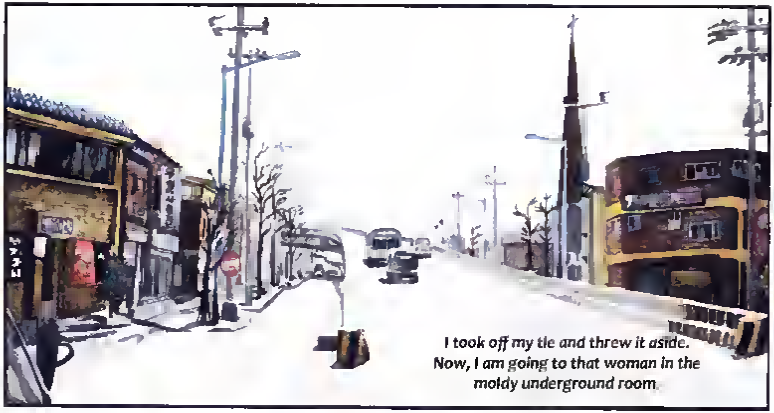
HONK

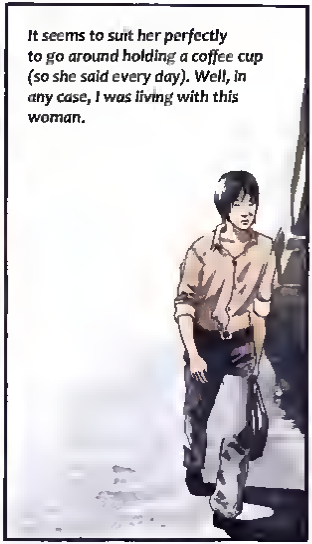
Speed is the only way you can bypass time.

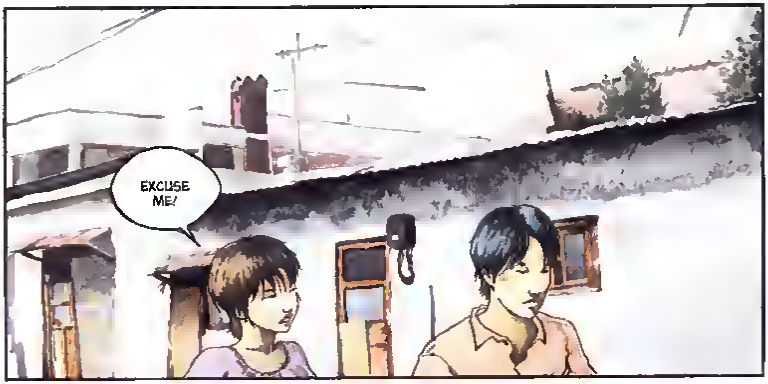
Every day, I pretend that it is my own sports car and not the car my company is letting me drive

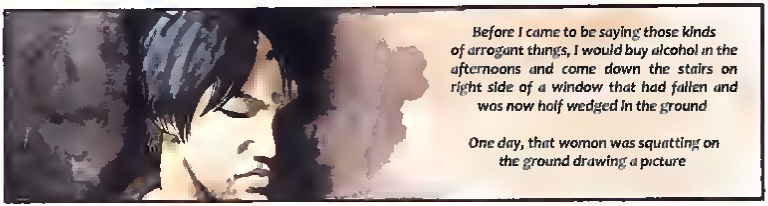
The things that were pulling me back stop all of a sudden, and this void creates a moment. Time disappears into that moment.



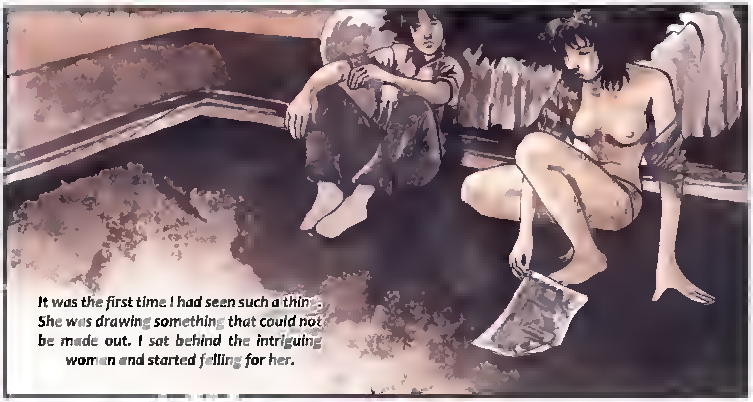

I took off my tie and threw it aside.
Now, I am going to that woman in the moldy underground room.

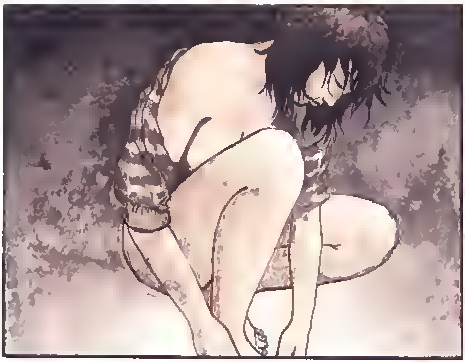

It seems to suit her perfectly to go around holding a coffee cup (so she said every day). Well, in any case, I was living with this woman.


EXCUSE ME/


Before I came to be saying those kinds of arrogant things, I would buy alcohol in the afternoons and come down the stairs on right side of a window that had fallen and was now half wedged in the ground
One day, that woman was squatting on the ground drawing a picture

IT'S HOT, HUH?


It was the first time I had seen such a thing. She was drawing something that could not be made out. I sat behind the intriguing woman and started falling for her.



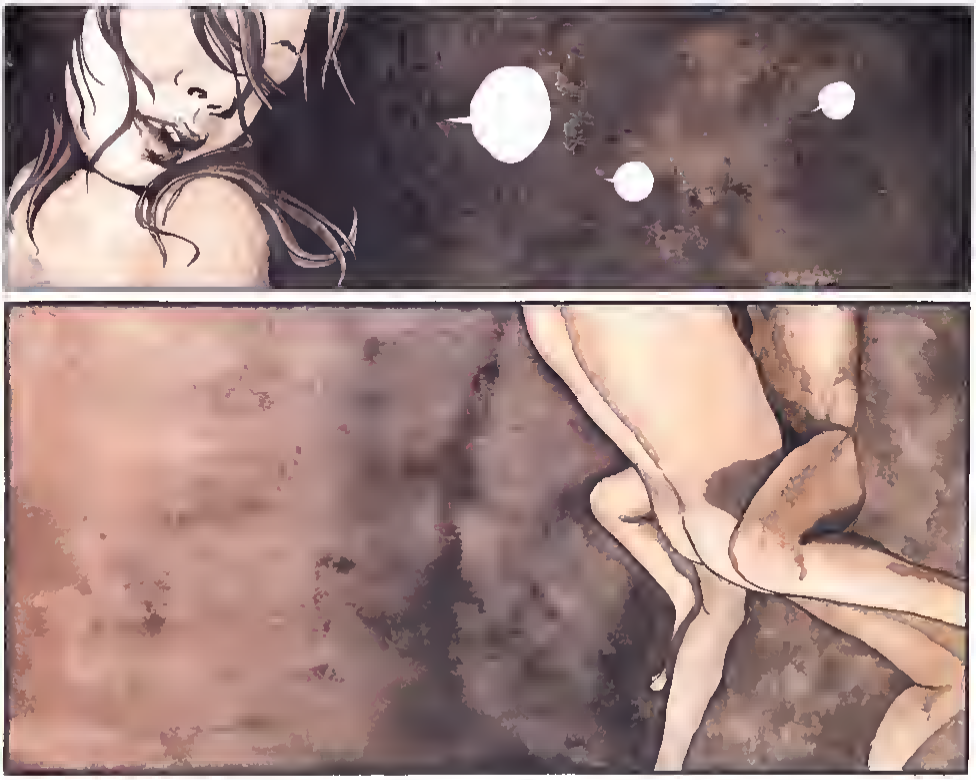
?CHHK?

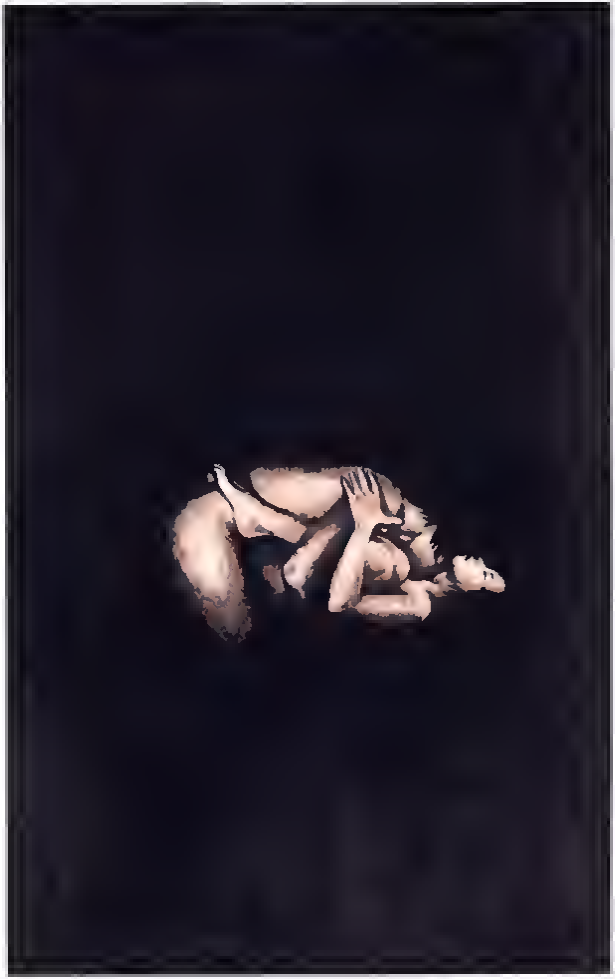
The woman's face didn't show any emotion as she wholeheartedly folded up the finished drawing. I was drunk on her graceful movements and couldn't tell what she was doing. When she held up the well folded paper to the lighter and burned it, her face came into view

WHAT IS IT?

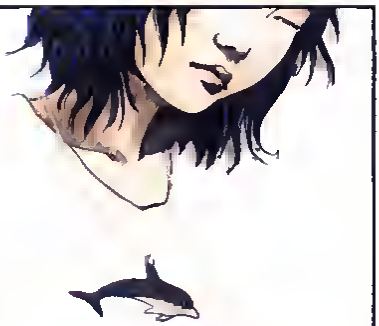
That place was filled messily with the things we used every day and food wrappers strewn about. Even worse, I don't know when it spilled, but there was also a coffee stain across the yellowish floor. I didn't see that all as reality but as an illusionary space with boundless beauty. Of course, this couldn't take away her indescribable pain, but it was enough to be her background. To make up for the insufficient amount of food the two of us had, we shared beer and stroked each others hands.

I lay her down on the sofa. The sofa that was too awkward to sit on was useful in these situations, I thought.

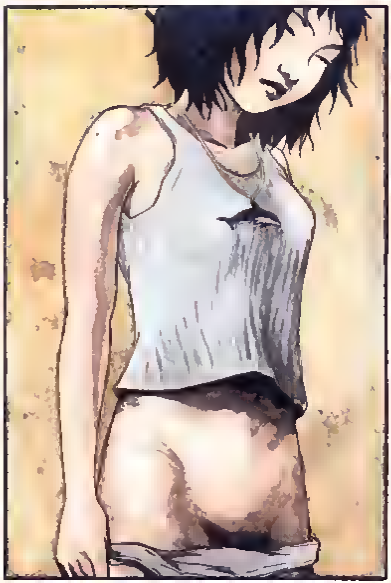




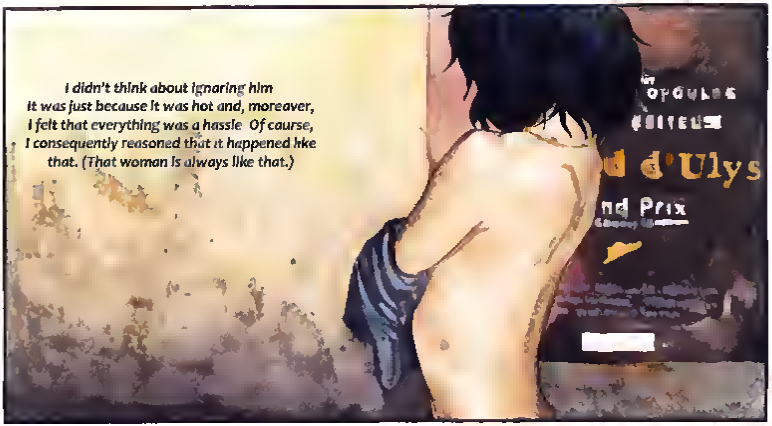
How many years will pass? When the sun sets, he will come to find me here, I guess. My sunbae unni who was living in a very small room chased her husband out and went to the mountains. Now, the old guitar and the man that she left behind are drowned in sadness, making the room damp. I had hoped that he would leave with her, but he was thrown away here, so he's tearing up the whole room and crawling around. It's not a problem. The music isn't fantastic, but it's okay.*

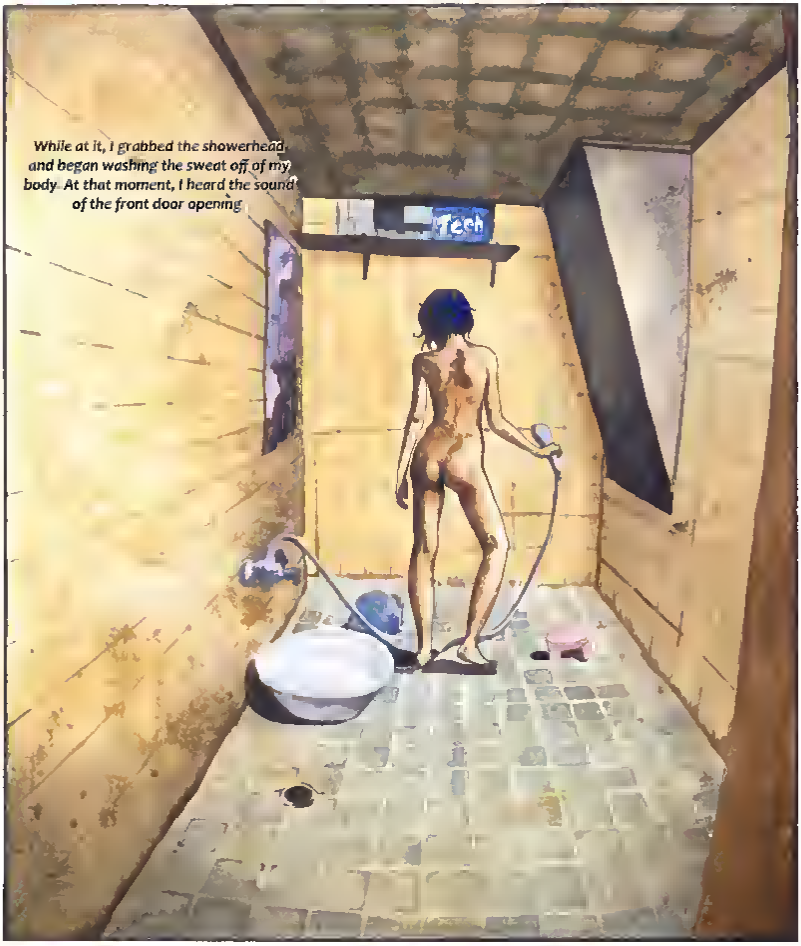


* Sunbae unni: older female schoolmate

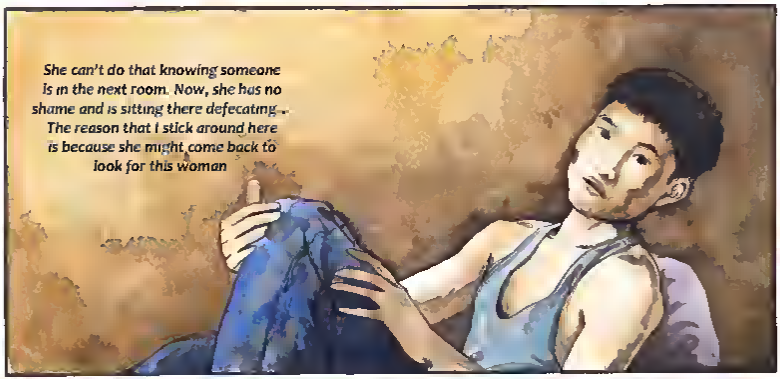


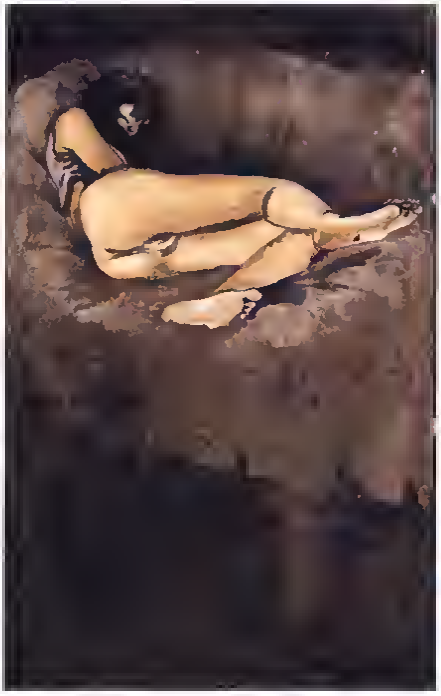
I squatted down and started doing my business. I'm not sure when he got there, but he was stealing glances at me from the sofa through the wide open door.

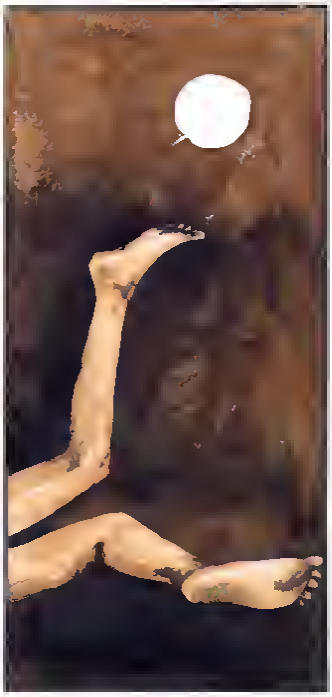

I didn't think about ignoring him
It was just because it was hot and, moreover,
I felt that everything was a hassle Of course,
I consequently reasoned that it happened like
that. (That woman is always like that.)

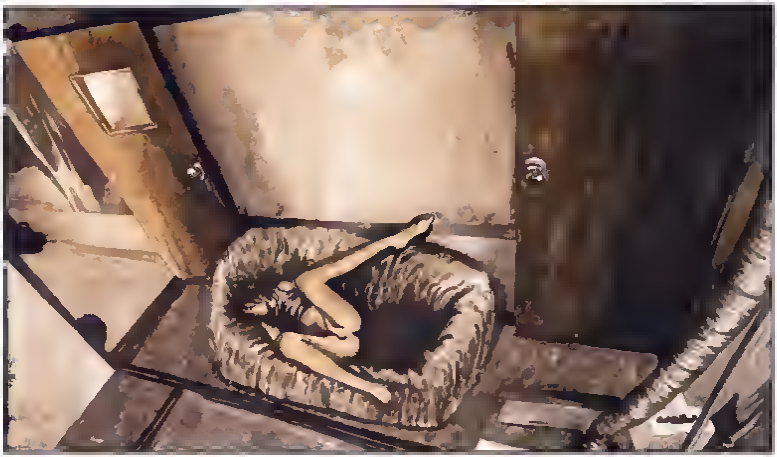

While at it, I grabbed the showerhead and began washing the sweat off of my body. At that moment, I heard the sound of the front door opening.
Tech

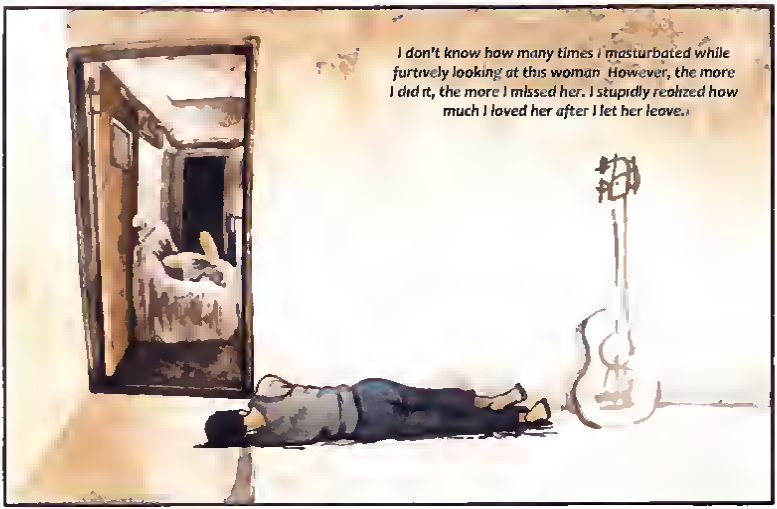
The woman lay down on the sofa and masturbated for an hour.


She can't do that knowing someone is in the next room. Now, she has no shame and is sitting there defecating.. The reason that I stick around here is because she might come back to look for this woman



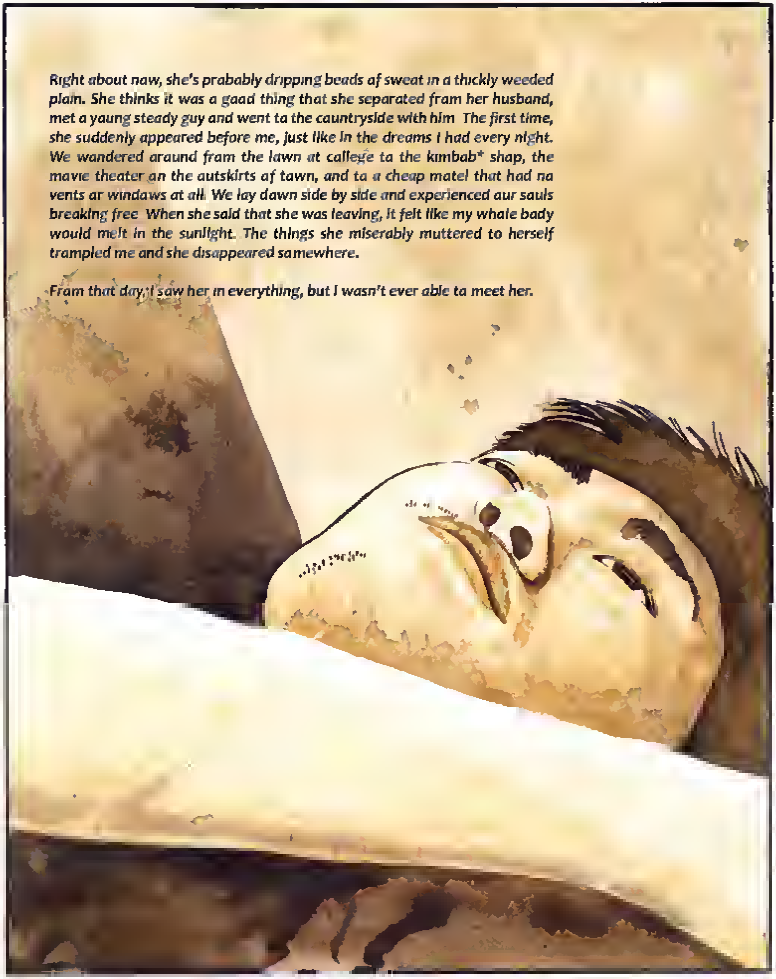




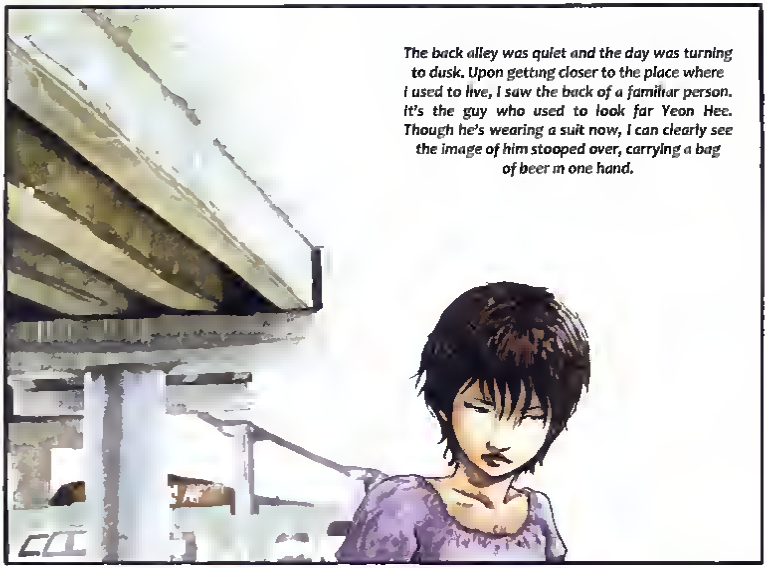

I don't know how many times I masturbated while furtively looking at this woman. However, the more I did it, the more I missed her. I stupidly realized how much I loved her after I let her leave.

Right about naw, she's prabably dripping beads af sweat in a thickly weeded plain. She thinks it was a gaad thing that she separated fram her husband, met a yaung steady guy and went ta the cauntryside with him. The first time, she suddenly appeared before me, just like in the dreams I had every night. We wandered araund fram the lawn at callege ta the kimbab* shap, the mavie theater an the autskirts af tawn, and ta a cheap matel that had na vents ar windaws at all. We lay dawn side by side and experienced aur sauls breaking free. When she said that she was leaving, it felt like my whale bady would melt in the sunlight. The things she miserably muttered to herself trampled me and she disappeared samewhere.

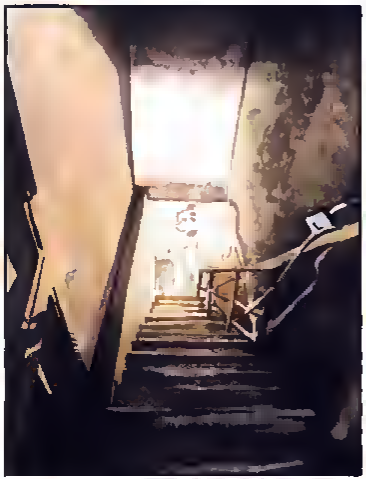
Fram that day, I saw her in everything, but I wasn't ever able ta meet her.

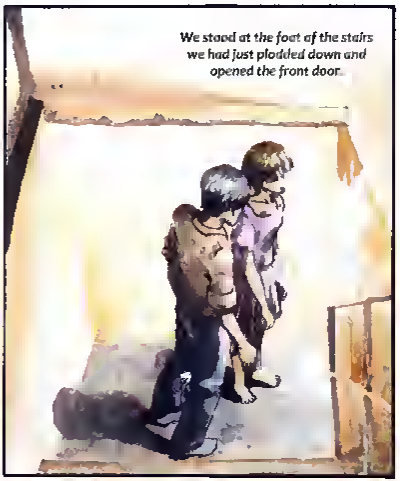


*Kimbab – rice rolls.

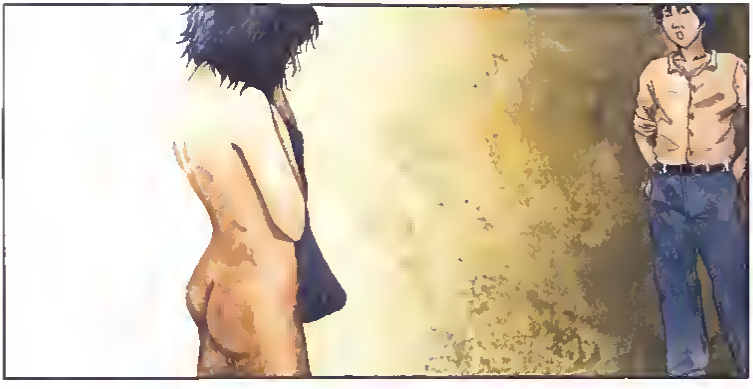

The back alley was quiet and the day was turning to dusk. Upon getting closer to the place where I used to live, I saw the back of a familiar person. It's the guy who used to look for Yeon Hee. Though he's wearing a suit now, I can clearly see the image of him stooped over, carrying a bag of beer in one hand.

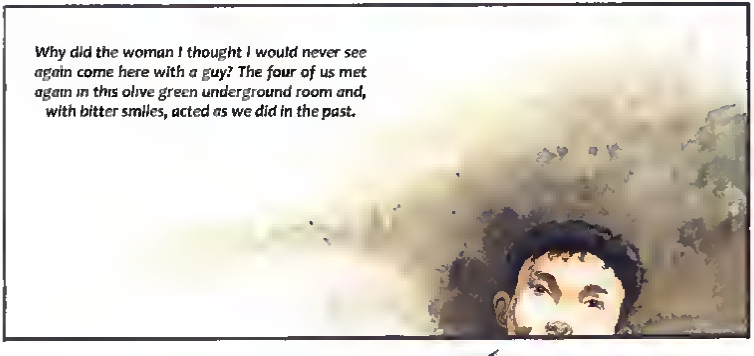
OH!

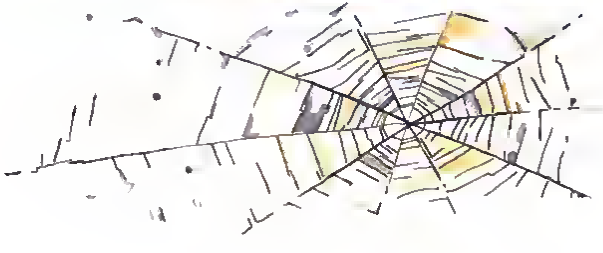



We stood at the foot of the stairs
we had just plodded down and
opened the front door.

I was a little shocked by what I saw in the room. The guy who looked in over my shoulder probably felt the same way. Yeon Hee was taking a shower with the bathroom door wide open and the idiot, like he was still living here, looked up from the sofa.




Why did the woman I thought I would never see again come here with a guy? The four of us met again in this olive green underground room and, with bitter smiles, acted as we did in the past.



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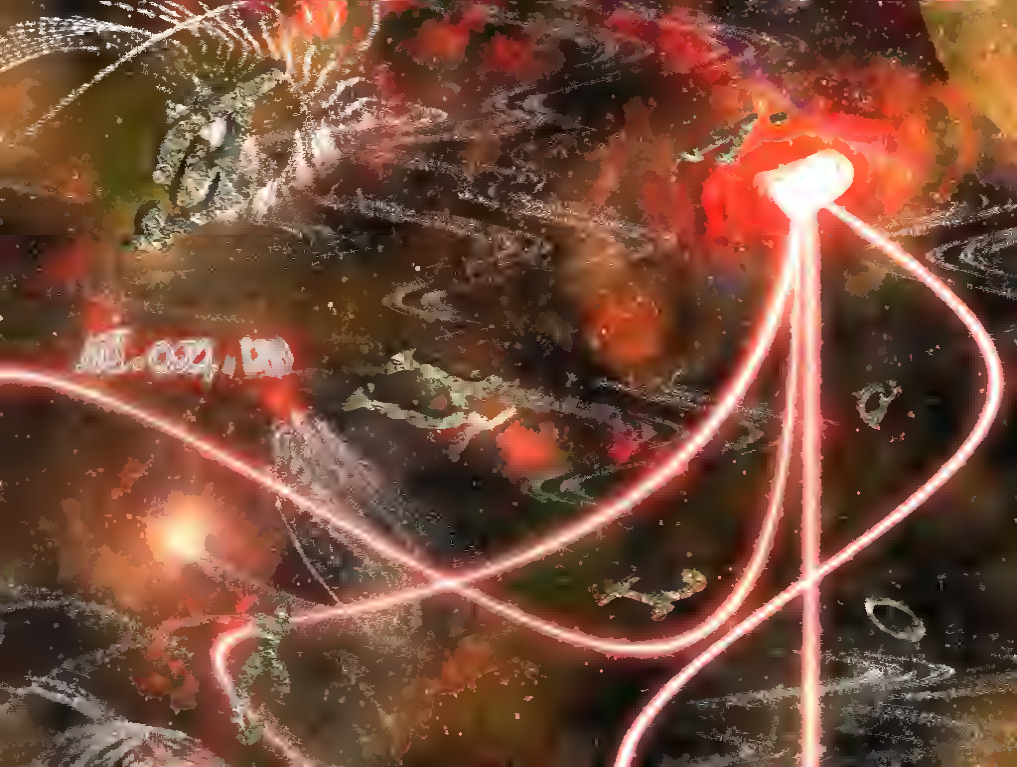

en·tro·py

WANTS YOU!

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